

## SAY IT AIN'T SO, KATRINA!

CATEGORY 4 HURRICANE DECIMATES U.S. GULF COAST, NEW ORLEANS

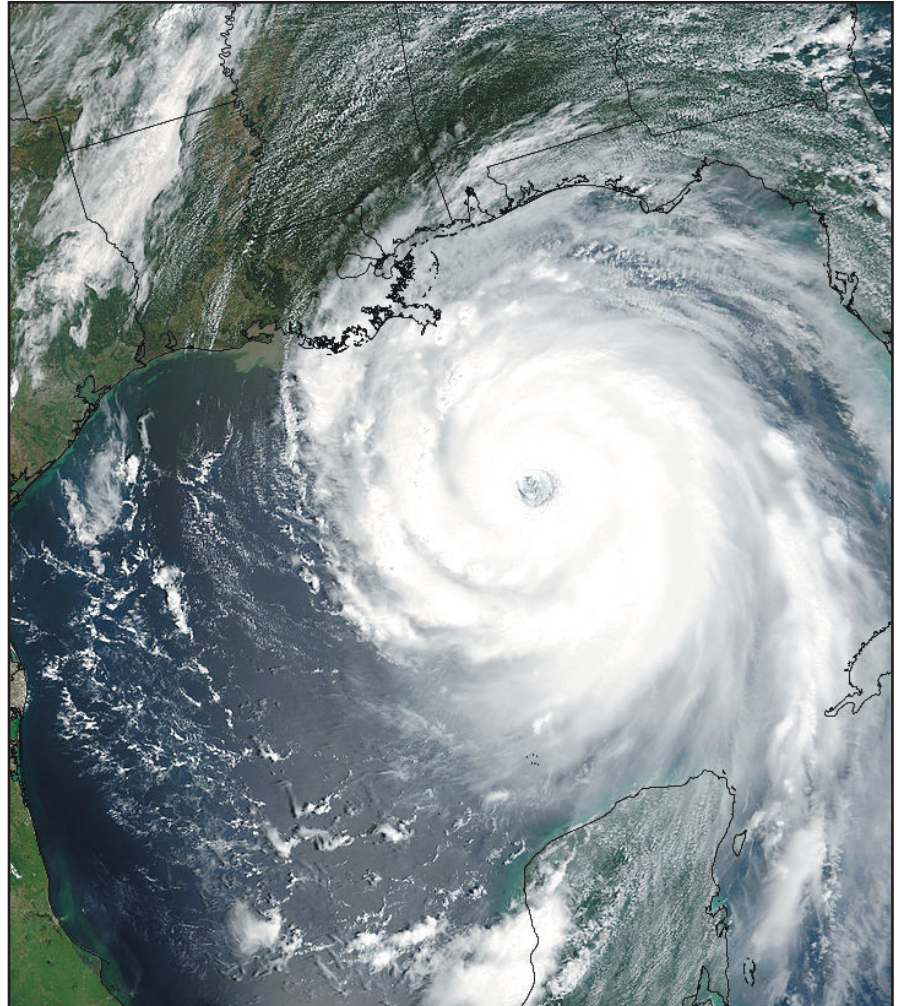
BY RACHEL BURTON

There are no words to describe this tragedy that has befallen America. The media has been on the story like a rabid dog on a rabbit hunt, exposing every orifice of New Orleans, or as residents lovingly refer to it, the Big Easy. August 29, 2005 was no easy feat for residents of the city as they scrambled to prepare for a gargantuan hurricane that was headed right for South Louisiana. Originally headed straight for what is now known as the Big Messy, Katrina veered a bit off course and annihilated Plaquemines, a parish of about 30,000 south of New Orleans.

What resulted was a humanitarian disaster with thousands dead, yet more thousands displaced and the rest scarred for life. Jesse Jones, the Gallaudet recruiter for the Midwest region, is a sixth-generation New Orleans native whose house, two blocks away from Lake Pontchartrain, was destroyed in the resulting flood. Eighty percent of New Orleans was under water on August 31, the day after the hurricane, due to the breaching of several levees holding back the water from the lake. Survivors ran rampant – looting the city's stores of food, water, clothes and anything else they surmised was of value.

The police force of New Orleans, already corrupt, fell apart as angry residents overpowered the officers. Why were residents angry? The local, state and federal response came along sluggishly, providing relief a few days after the hurricane, rather than immediately. The city became known as the town of "lawlessness."

New Orleans was not the only city



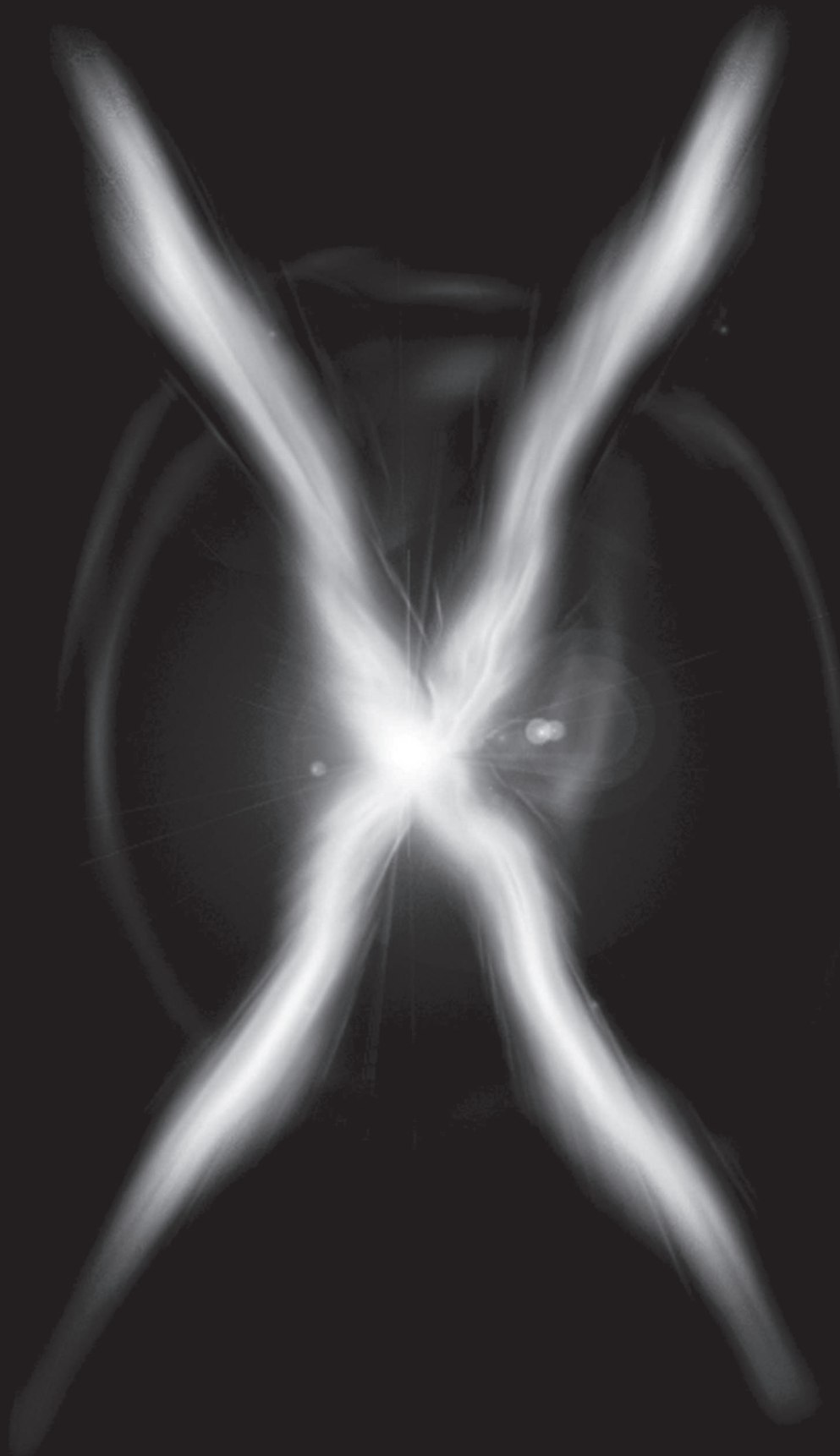
Hurricane Katrina careens toward Louisiana. Gusts were measured at 215 mph.

destroyed by the hurricane. Several small towns in south Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama experienced Katrina's wrath as the east side of the hurricane swept across the Gulf States. Texas was spared because of the Coriolis effect, which has to do with the earth's rotation and the rotation of the hurricane. Basically, this means that since the earth rotates to the right, hur-

ricanes in the Northern Hemisphere spin counter-clockwise. However, New Orleans is in the eye of the nation because of its condition as a "bowl" of water, since the city was built below sea level between two bodies of water, the lake and Mississippi River.

There was always the threat of a

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**HOMECOMING 2005**

IT'S COMING...

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# FROM THE DESK OF DON TROPP



How often do you see phone booths, only to find no TTY next to them? Probably almost all the time, but you would imagine the opposite at Gallaudet, right? Sadly, this is not the case, at least when you drive out the 6th Street gate. The other day, when I went bowling, I took the 6th Street route and noticed a bright yellow phone and a sign next to it. The sign states the phone is to be used to contact DPS to open the gate if closed. Naturally, I looked for the TTY, but, to my surprise and disappointment, it wasn't there.

I hope you are shaking your head by now, because this is not right. This example is representative of one of the things that's wrong here. Gallaudet has been too laid-back and passive in ensuring full communication access for deaf people. In one class, I brought up audism with two students, only to listen to them complain they were tired of hearing that word, that they did not see the big deal. I tried to make them understand that audism, a term we must emphasize time and time again, is all around us. The bright yellow phone was only a reminder.

This conversation is emblematic of the real problem, which lies not necessarily

within the administration's unwillingness to adopt a more aggressive stance, but within the students' reluctance to open their minds and recognize audism as part of their lives. We need to understand that black people and women are not the only ones experiencing constant discrimination so we can unite for the purpose of fighting audism. But where to begin, you may ask?

For starters, Gallaudet could add a TTY to the bright yellow phone. Then it could ensure that all its employees communicate using ASL at all times. Gallaudet could also work with deaf schools to place audism in their curriculum, so more deaf people can learn about it. This is only one of many ways to spread awareness, which is needed to achieve change. Only when the deaf community fully understands audism, can it begin to make progress in the fight against audism. But they need a leader to pave the way, and who better than the next president of Gallaudet?

This is precisely why the Board of Trustees must select a culturally deaf president, so he or she can fully understand us. We need someone who will take a proactive approach to audism. In other terms, we need a deaf Martin Luther King, Jr. who liberated his people from years of oppression. Because he could relate to his people, he led the civil rights movement. He was the right person for the job. (Who can imagine a white person in his place?) He showed the world the meaning of racism, which is what the next president of Gallaudet must do with audism.

So, if words like racism and sexism exist in the dictionary, then why shouldn't Webster's make room for one more?

*The Buff and Blue* is an independent campus magazine published by Gallaudet University students. *The Buff and Blue* is circulated bi-weekly during the academic year excluding final examination periods. *The Buff and Blue* operates as a non-profit student organization and is financed entirely through advertising, subscription revenues, and unit fees. The Editor-in-Chief has the final authority on magazine content.

The Editor-in-Chief is chosen by an advisory board, and serves as chair for the board.

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## THE BUFF AND BLUE

DONALD TROPP  
EDITOR IN CHIEF

JENNIFER KEENER  
MANAGING EDITOR

JEANINE WIESBLATT  
BUSINESS MANAGER

RACHEL BURTON  
COPY EDITOR

ROBERT MCCONNELL  
LAYOUT EDITOR

ALEXANDER ABENCHUCHAN  
FEATURES EDITOR

ANTHONY MOWL  
COLUMNS EDITOR

PIA MARIE PAULONE  
NEWS EDITOR

EARL MIKELL  
OFFICE MANAGER

SARAH KAUNTZ  
PHOTOGRAPHER

ERICA PARKER  
PHOTOGRAPHER

## WRITERS

SHANNON BERTLING  
TREVOR BRENNAN  
BRADFORD BURKE  
JONATHAN CETRANO  
ANDREW FISHER  
JOSHUA FELDMAN  
JULIE GUBERMAN  
BRITTNEY KLEINEMAS  
KAMI PADDEN  
KIMBERLY ROGERS  
RACHEL ROSE  
SARA STALLARD

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# LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Donald,

In the September 6, 2005 issue of *The Buff and Blue*, you published an article titled, "Technology at Gallaudet." Thank you for highlighting many of the positive aspects of technology available to our students here at Gallaudet. I would like to offer a few clarifications and request that you inform our students in the next issue of *The Buff and Blue*.

The Help Desk hours are 8:00 a.m. – 5:00 p.m. Monday through Friday. The article lists the Help Desk hours as 9am-5pm Monday through Friday. I do appreciate that you also said, "and friendly people are always on hand to help."

We (the Academic Technology department via the Client and Multimedia Services group) have media equipment (cameras, tripods, etc.) and these items are loaned free of charge. To make a reservation, please visit the web site, <http://media.gallaudet.edu>.

The article incorrectly states: "We also have equipment like video cameras that students can rent (emphasis added) from us." I talked with Barbara Jenson, Help Desk Assistant, to whom the quote is attributed and her recollection is that she did not even discuss equipment and did not state that we rent equipment. In any case, the important fact is that we loan equipment for academic-related purposes, and these loans are free of charge.

The computers in the Harkins Digital Learning Center (the student computer lab in the Student Academic Center, Room 1100) no longer require the GDOC login and password. To make access easier for students we changed it to the Campus login and password this summer.

I hope you will find space to publish these clarifications in your next issue. If I can answer any questions, please let me know.

Thank you again for highlighting technology, a tool that we hope contributes to making students' access to academic information easier and more fun.

Thank you.

John Millikin

Manager of Client and Multimedia Services

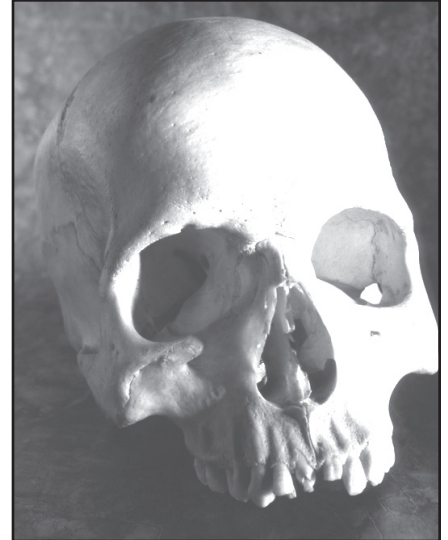
"THE ULTIMATE WEAKNESS OF VIOLENCE IS THAT IT IS A DESCENDING SPIRAL, BEGETTING THE VERY THING IT SEEKS TO DESTROY. INSTEAD OF DIMINISHING EVIL, IT MULTIPLIES IT ... THROUGH VIOLENCE YOU MAY MURDER THE HATER, BUT YOU DO NOT MURDER HATE. IN FACT, VIOLENCE MERELY INCREASES HATE ... RETURNING VIOLENCE FOR VIOLENCE MULTIPLIES VIOLENCE, ADDING DEEPER DARKNESS TO A NIGHT ALREADY DEVOID OF STARS. DARKNESS CANNOT DRIVE OUT HATE; ONLY LOVE CAN DO THAT."

— REV. DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

# ZEITGEIST

[n. TSYTE-gaist or ZYTE-gaist] The meaning of this word never changes, but what it describes is subject to society's whims. Zeitgeist is the popular outlook - intellectually, morally, and culturally - in a particular period or generation. Scholars maintain that each era has a unique spirit distinguishing it from other periods. This publication is our Zeitgeist.

## HOT AND COLD

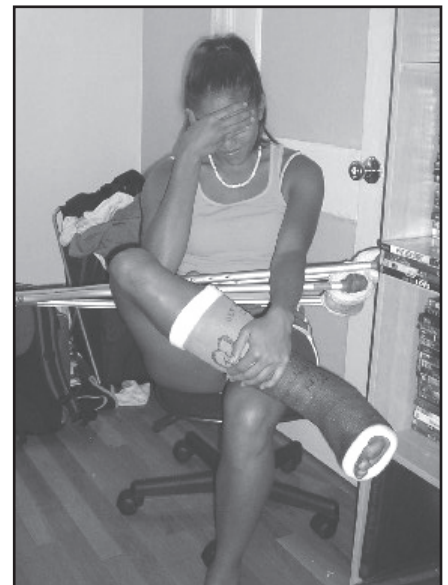


**HOT:** THE KAPPA GAMMA FRATERNITY FOR FUNDRAISING \$803 TO GO TO THE HURRICANE KATRINA RELIEF EFFORT.



*Sometimes one has to take things at face value.*

Pictured here are two New Orleans police officers who are trying to find out if the two deaf men on the ground are armed before letting them proceed past an exit on I-10. Sterling Everidge, left, and Aaron Williams, right, try to explain that they are deaf and need to read lips and gesture to communicate. Everidge is currently a senior at the Louisiana School for the Deaf in Baton Rouge, and Williams is a graduate of the same school.



**COLD:** TAMIJO FORONDA'S ACHILLES TENDON TEAR. NOW OUR REIGNING CAC VOLLEYBALL PLAYER OF THE YEAR'S OUT FOR THE SEASON. THE PRESSURE'S ON FOR BOREN TO PRODUCE.

BY THE  
NUMBERS

LINE 3 OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S SONNET 29:

"WHEN IN DISGRACE WITH FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES  
I ALL ALONE BEWEEP MY OUTCAST STATE,  
AND TROUBLE DEAF HEAVEN WITH MY BOOTLESS CRIES,"

# THE MEDIA PAGE

## THE OTHER SIDE OF SILENCE, BY ARDEN NEISSER

BY SARA STALLARD

Despite its vague and weird cover design, this book is a powerful read. The “voice” of the author is ever present, as she shares her observations which are sometimes wry, sometimes speculative, but always thoughtful and polite. This book is an academician’s approach to what is usually a political hotbed of emotions and cold clinical opinions.

The information in this book feels almost as if it were a seamy expose from the decades of yellow journalism, about an hundred years ago, in its broad scope, as Neisser sweeps her gaze across the messy landscape of sign language and American deaf politics. Neisser spent five years traveling around the country, visiting various programs for education of the deaf, sign language research, and meeting people—the so-called experts in different fields related to communication, culture and education. The result was this book, published in 1983. A foreword was added to the soft cover version in 1990, paying respect to the then recent DPN movement, acknowledging the many changes that have occurred since.

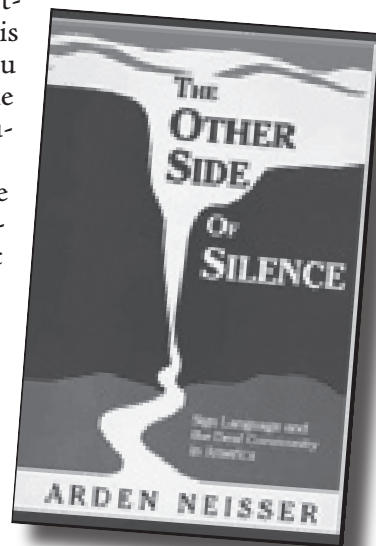
Freshmen, this book is an excellent introduction to a wide array of deaf-related concerns which can be served through the study of a great number of majors available here on campus: psychology, sociology, history, literature, business and especially education. Not

views her work as “honest-to-god triage,” which is quite sad and makes you think about how little support some deaf students really get.

One comment by the author, when she is discussing the scientific community’s excitement over apes learning to sign (this was during the late 1970s), struck me in particular. I wish I had realized it on my own. Neisser says, “It did not escape the notice of deaf observers that when they used ASL, they were told it wasn’t a language; but if chimps could learn it, then it was.”

Boy, no kidding! It makes my ears smoke just to think about it.

Even though this book is 22 years old by now, as old as many of you here on campus, it is still as relevant as ever, and I wouldn’t be surprised if, in an updated edition, many of those problems would still be around. A classic depiction of the deaf communities of America,



*The information in this book feels almost as if it were a seamy expose from the decades of yellow journalism, about an hundred years ago, in its broad scope, as Neisser sweeps her gaze across the messy landscape of sign language and deaf politics.*

to mention athletics, recreation and art. Reading this book in your first year of college would certainly be a great way to get an idea of what careers look like, after college—especially when you consider that many of the people the author interviewed in the book had comments about their jobs and their beliefs about deaf people and their capacities.

Among the gems of Neisser’s lucid exposition, there is an amusing description of the deaf man who worked in Public Relations at the Volta Bureau—which is the public relations front for oral education of the deaf. Another scene in the book involved a school nurse who

and their struggle for dignity. This book is highly recommended.

One tip for you — if you are curious about the book but don’t feel like reading through the whole thing: go to the index and look up the topics which interest you the most. *The Other Side of Silence* is available at the library, bookstore and through Gallaudet University Press, as well as online at Amazon.com or Barnes and Noble.

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# HURRICANE KATRINA

## BENEVOLENCE ABOUNDS: GALLAUDET LENDS A HELPING HAND

BY BRADFORD BURKE

Since the devastation that Hurricane Katrina has caused, the Gallaudet community was one of many communities that stepped forward to help in relief efforts for the victims, families, and friends involved in the disaster. Proudly, Gallaudet has offered its facilities to those involved in the tragedy, providing accommodations and food for those in need. Gallaudet has also made counseling services available. A relief fund was also set up and contributions can be made to the office of development. Not only has the university itself helped with the hurricane relief but the communities within Gallaudet played great roles in helping as well. Such efforts will and should be continued until the needs of those involved in the tragedy are satisfied.

The university was reopening a door that had already been closed, for displaced students. The Office of Admissions was able to get in touch with several students who suffered great loss due to the tragedy and offer them a place in our community to further continue their education. Two students who were reached were in no

emotional condition to leave the destruction that Hurricane Katrina had caused.

On Saturday, August 27, Christina Pullen and her family decided to take

*Chills went up her spine as she noticed there was no roof, and water in excess of 25 feet filled her home.*

*"I couldn't believe it, now I'm sure that my school is probably gone too."*

seriously the hurricane warnings that had been posted a few days before Katrina approached. They chose to leave in the morning hours so they could beat the herd of cars that were soon to be leaving the New Orleans metropolitan area. Along with her aunt and uncle (whom she had been living with for the past four years) and her two cousins, she decided to drive nine hours out to Georgia to stay with her family and wait for the hurricane to blow past her home of New Orleans, Louisiana.

Christina and her family awoke that Sunday morning to the news on television declaring that the near-category five hurricane was to strike New Orleans. At this point, all Christina could do was wait and watch the storm develop as it battered her city to shreds, the city she once lived in.

"If the levees never broke, I'm sure I'd still have a home and I'd still be able to go back to school at Delgado. I was only in class for one day, and I'm sure my school was destroyed." Christina was one of sixty students who were accepted into the Delgado Culinary Art School, which was only about a mile away from her home. To confirm her fears, Christina's cousin found a satellite image of her home. Chills went up her spine as she noticed there was no roof and water in excess of 25 feet filled her home. "I couldn't believe it, now I'm sure that my school is probably gone too." If the satellite photos weren't enough to confirm the devastation, she received a phone call from her friend who managed to go to her home and take a look.

"He said he went inside the house and there was still some water inside. He also told me that there was mildew all over the walls. I mean, my aunt and uncle just got done doing major renovations to the home and had just bought brand new furniture, then a week later ... it's all gone."

Hitting rock bottom, things could only get better for Christina. A few days after the devastation, she received an e-mail from her friend, Jesse Jones, a recruiter for Gallaudet. He informed Christina that Gallaudet was willing to help her get back in school so she could continue her education. She was delighted, and took the offer willingly. Charity Reedy-Hines, the director of admissions, worked quickly with her team to get Christina up to Washington D.C. so she could continue her education. After a matter of days,



When the river levees broke, many homes like Christina Pullen's were flooded.

# HURRICANE KATRINA



CHARITY REEDY-HINES

Charity Reedy-Hines's son Reedy and friends raised \$315.33 on Christina's behalf.

Christina arrived. Waiting for her at the airport were Jesse Jones and Elicia Varnado, both residents of Louisiana. "Everybody at admissions was great, they helped get me up here as quickly as they could." Little did Christina know that the support that the Gallaudet community had given her was not about to stop.

Naturally, Charity Reedy-Hines extended a helping hand to Christina. However, like Christina, she didn't know that a special someone in her life was going to play a part in making Christina feel more welcome to the Gallaudet community. This special someone happened to be Charity's son, Reedy. On the evening of September the 3rd, while his mother was passed out in bed from a long day back at work, Reedy was cutting up pictures and putting together poster boards for his big day ahead of him.

Charity woke up the next morning to see her son wave good-bye and head out with his grandparents. Reedy hurried out the door and said, "Bye mom, I have to go, I have to go!"

Charity said, "I didn't think anything was up with my son. I thought he was headed out for the day to spend some time with my extended family." Little did she know that Reedy was out with his aunt, two cousins, and at

his great grandmother's house picking tomatoes. After some time in the morning, Reedy set out for the Galesville (MD) Post Office. From there, he and his cousins set up a table and hung

*"I couldn't believe it. He's only seven years old, but he is also a giver by nature."*

*Charity Reedy-Hines*

up their posters and placed their basket of freshly picked tomatoes on the table and requested donations. Reedy exclaimed, "I was project manager!" In the meantime, Charity was out running errands, and to her surprise, she noticed Reedy and his two cousins outside the post office selling tomatoes. "I couldn't believe it. He's only seven years old, but he is also a giver by nature," said Charity. After two hours of fundraising, Reedy decided that the money he and his cousins made wasn't enough, so they ventured from door to door offering tomatoes for donations for their Hurricane Katrina fund.

After a long day of fundraising, Reedy and his cousins decided to bring the money they had made home and for these three elementary school

students, they didn't do too bad. They raised a whopping \$865.33. What were Reedy and his cousins to do with all this money? They decided that they were going to donate \$550 to the Salvation Army. However, they still had \$315.33 left to give away.

On the morning of September the 7th, Reedy decided to do something more important than go to school. He thought he would join his mother at work and attend the welcome luncheon that members of the Office of Admissions had planned for Christina at the GUKCC. Reedy was anxious about having lunch with Christina because he had a big surprise to give her. He gave Christina \$315.33 and said, "This is to help you with your books." Christina stated that she didn't know what to say. "I was speechless," she said. "I really didn't have any money because the banks in Louisiana are all closed because of the hurricane. Neither I or my family have access to money right now." With the money, Christina was in fact able to buy her books that she needed for school.

I've heard a lot of stories that have touched me in a lot of ways, but never one quite like this. I was quite impressed that a seven-year-old would have just as much social conscience as most other adults. When asked why he wanted to do something like this, Reedy replied, "Well, she really needed the money because she didn't have much left because of the hurricane. But it really made me feel happy and excited to help her."

The above story is just one of others that can be told amongst the many other helping hands that came together across the nation. At the same time, this shows how rich our community really can be in tough times like this. Although many may think that just donating a dollar or simply saying hello to our newest student may not do much, it's our combined effort that really counts in the end. Miss Deaf Louisiana, Christina Pullen, thanks those in our community that made her feel welcome.



# THE NEXT STEP

BY ANTHONY MOWL

When President I. King Jordan announced his retirement, the Gallaudet community was abruptly shaken. The news shot around the globe minutes after the announcement, and in hours almost everyone affiliated with Gallaudet somehow had known about the retirement. There is a lot of love for the man who had done the impossible and garnered the support of the entire student body to overturn the Board of Trustees' decision to hire Dr. Elizabeth Zinser as Gallaudet's new president in 1988. Jordan became the model of what Deaf people could do, which was "anything but hear." Looking back however, Jordan left a much larger legacy than that of simply an icon. Jordan has elevated the status of the Deaf individual to the point where, short of ignorance, people no

building a reality.

Our endowment shot up from \$10 million to over \$180 million, and Gallaudet is more affordable than ever, ranking at the top of national lists in terms of value. Obtaining an education at Gallaudet has improved to the point where we are no longer the best at producing teachers of the Deaf, but where we have become the best at producing Deaf graduates who consistently contribute and impact the world outside our own community in many different fields. More Deaf people hold Ph. Ds than ever, thanks in part to Gallaudet's outstanding Fellowship program. Jordan did it all. He shaped what it was to be president of Gallaudet, and took his work beyond Kendall Green. Gallaudet in 1988 is nowhere close to Gallaudet in 2005.

But as Jordan steps down and we all wait to see who takes his place at the



pointing out that the next president has impossibly big shoes to fill. Names should stop being thrown around, and qualifications should be debated.

It is time to start analyzing what I. King Jordan did during these past 17 years, and determining what our strengths and weaknesses are. Does Gallaudet absolutely need a Deaf president, enough to exclude hearing candidates from applying at all? Does the next president have to have a Ph. D to be qualified to lead the university? Do we need an ATM like Jordan, or a seasoned educator who will take a look inside our classrooms? Young and idealistic, or aged and experienced? These are the questions we need to be asking ourselves, because even the best

*It is time to start analyzing what I. King Jordan did during these past 17 years, and determining what our strengths and weaknesses are. Does Gallaudet absolutely need a Deaf president, enough to exclude hearing candidates from applying at all?*

longer question the abilities of Deaf people and assert us a place in society based on our own merits, and not our hearing.

Jordan built this school as we know it today first riding off the Deaf President Now (DPN) wave, and later off his political genius and experience, bringing wealth to a university that previously had none. He defied critics who 18 years ago said that a Deaf person would never be capable of speaking in front of Congress, and walked away with a bigger check year after year. He brought in \$20 million to build the Kellogg Hotel and Conference Center and another ten for the Student Academic Center. He found the money to renovate College Hall, expanded the Fieldhouse, added two stories to the Hall Memorial Building, and made the new Sorenson Language and Communications

podium, an enormous glare begins to shape. After the DPN protest crushed the Board's decision to hire Zinser, we never revisited the guidelines the Board used to conduct their interview process. DPN was a one-shot deal. It happened after years of pent up frustration and in the face of the disability movements in the '80s. Never again will we select a president based on protests, and never again will we attempt to overturn the Board's decision. I say this because it is not going to be our duty to question the outcome of the lengthy search process, but instead to ensure that the right decision is made the first time around. In October, the Board of Trustees will meet, and they will determine the guidelines for the new president of Gallaudet, and leader of the Deaf world. These guidelines are even more important than speculating who should take King's place or

person to become the next president of Gallaudet could be excluded from applying based on the criteria we decide or the worst president in Gallaudet history could be selected, because we decided not to set the bar high enough. This is not black and white, and everybody knows it. The answers we come to will be presented to the Board of Trustees come October, and they must listen. They already know that, because after DPN, nothing is the same. We know what is best for ourselves, and we proved that when we made ourselves heard that week in '88. The student body created a legacy when they selected I. King Jordan to lead them. This time let's do things right so that when the Board of Trustees announces their decision, there will be cause for celebration, not protest.

It's our turn.



# ELECTRONIC LEASHES

BY SHANNON BERTLING



Whatever happened to the phrase “let’s do lunch”? We’ve gotten so wrapped up in the things permanently attached to our hips, that the new catchphrase for meeting up is “page me.” Today I saw, on several different occasions, people greeting their friends animatedly as if they were desperate for some human interaction, only to get told that they would keep in touch via pager.

Sure, wireless communication devices are useful, I’ll give you that much. The calendar helps me remember all my dates, the phone/address books

*The new catchphrase for meeting up is “page me.”*

help me remember which boy it is this time. It’s convenient when I’m running later than Deaf Standard Time allows, because I can page my friends and tell them I’ll be there in 10 minutes; and when we finally leave but don’t know where in the bloody hell we’re going, I can look it up on MapQuest using the Internet feature. The Instant Messaging feature is cool — I can talk to my friends while riding the bus or if I’m on a road trip with the family. If someone needed me in a hurry, they wouldn’t have to wait until the next time I’m at a computer. And elevator silences aren’t so awkward anymore — I’m too busy talking to someone that isn’t in the elevator with us. I’ve also cut down on elevator trips — I no longer have to go down to the lobby and use the TTY/VP to order pizza. I’ve got my pager.

But you know what? Pagers have become so entertaining that people, myself included, don’t stop to smell the roses anymore. We don’t loiter around looking for something to while away the hours with, as we’ve always got someplace to go. Look around you sometimes; observe the people. I’ve noticed that people without electronic leashes tend to walk at an easy pace, not in a hurry, up for some conversation with whoever’s willing. Graduate student Brian Morrison, owner of a Sidekick II, said “Pagers ruined Gallaudet’s community, because we’ve now lost human interaction at Benson Hall Circle.” I miss hanging around the circle looking for a ride too.

Another thing about pagers that irks me is how it renders people inconsiderate. How many times have you been engaged in a conversation with someone only for them to abruptly bow their head and check their pager for God knows what reason? Seriously, it makes a person feel lousy. Like I can’t hold a conversation for 10 minutes

without you needing some reason to get away from me.

“The only important thing about having a pager is to get in touch/communicate with people, but not to use and have a stupid chat, why not do that in person,” so says junior Colleen Farrell. And have you noticed the parties lately? Some people (most likely the ones without a pager or the ones who have proper pager etiquette) stand in little clusters holding their beers and are doubled over in laughter, while the rest are standing around by themselves (or even next to a friend) typing on their pagers, probably talking to someone who is 10 feet away from them.

Moral of this rant: practice proper pager etiquette. Put it away when people are around or at least wait till the person’s done talking before you check

your pager. Don’t bring them to parties, spend your time talking to people that are in front of you. Pay attention to your surroundings more often. And wash your hands.

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# BEHIND THE BADGE:

## KIOSK INHABITANTS TELL ALL

BY BRITTNEY KLEINEMAS

Who out there is not interested in making a positive difference for someone at least once in their lifetime? The pains undertaken by people we pass by everyday to simply leave some characteristic impression on others are varied, even common, and many often go unnoticed. It is not an uncommon thing when we pass strangers in this world and wonder what story they might have to tell. Such is true when anyone comes on campus and is greeted by a friendly wave and nod of the head from campus security officer, Ronald Petrocchi. Or when someone on campus gets a parking ticket or has some mishap with their Gallaudet ID card and approaches Hui Cai to resolve their wee little crisis. Of course, we cannot forget about Ron Tate, the man who has dedicated 18 years, a rough equivalent of a lifetime for some of us, to protecting Gallaudet University and its people.

Ronald Petrocchi is a poker-faced man, no matter how oddly the world around him behaves. Granted, he drops a carefully timed smile here and there to contrast his stoic expression, but his benevolent nature knows no bounds.



Hui Cai is hard at work processing your car's latest parking ticket. Another \$50!

stricter. Sometimes a student will complain 'Hey, I have a friend coming over,' but it doesn't matter. If someone damages Gallaudet property, who will pay for that?" Obviously, as a security officer, safety is an important issue. When off campus, paying attention to

as a private investigator or being a K-9 police officer. His first love, however, is ocean mammals. His late uncle, who enjoyed retirement life on a houseboat, inspired Petrocchi's devotion for the ocean life.

Have you ever gotten a parking tick-

***Hui warns that three unpaid parking tickets equal a boot on your car. Trust me, there's no getting those suckers off.***

Ronald's friendly wave and concise directions at the kiosk greet many new students, parents, and visitors by the main gate when coming onto campus for the first time. His duties include supervising the traffic, checking for IDs, giving out directions, keeping the wrong people off campus, and keeping people happy, to the best of his ability, of course. Occasionally people gripe about the security measures that the guards at the kiosk employ, especially when it comes to weekends as Ronald explains: "On weekends we become

your surroundings is a necessity. "Never walk with your pager looking down, walk fast and don't take too long. Stick with a friend, especially at night time," officer Petrocchi advises.

For Ronald, his job on campus is enjoyable, but not the last stop on the road. A graduate of the Gallaudet University class of 2004 and engaged to be married sometime next year, he hopes to use his BA in both Biology and Chemistry to pursue the field of marine biology. Because of his love of the law, he is also interested in working

et or had something happen to your Gallaudet ID? If you have, chances are you met with Hui Cai from Beijing, China. Spring 2004 Gallaudet University graduate Hui explains, "International students tend to have a hard time [finding] a job. I was lucky because I've been an aide for three years, so they offered me a full time staff position." For those of you who have cars, Hui warns that three unpaid parking tickets equal a boot on your car. Trust me, there's no getting those suckers off.

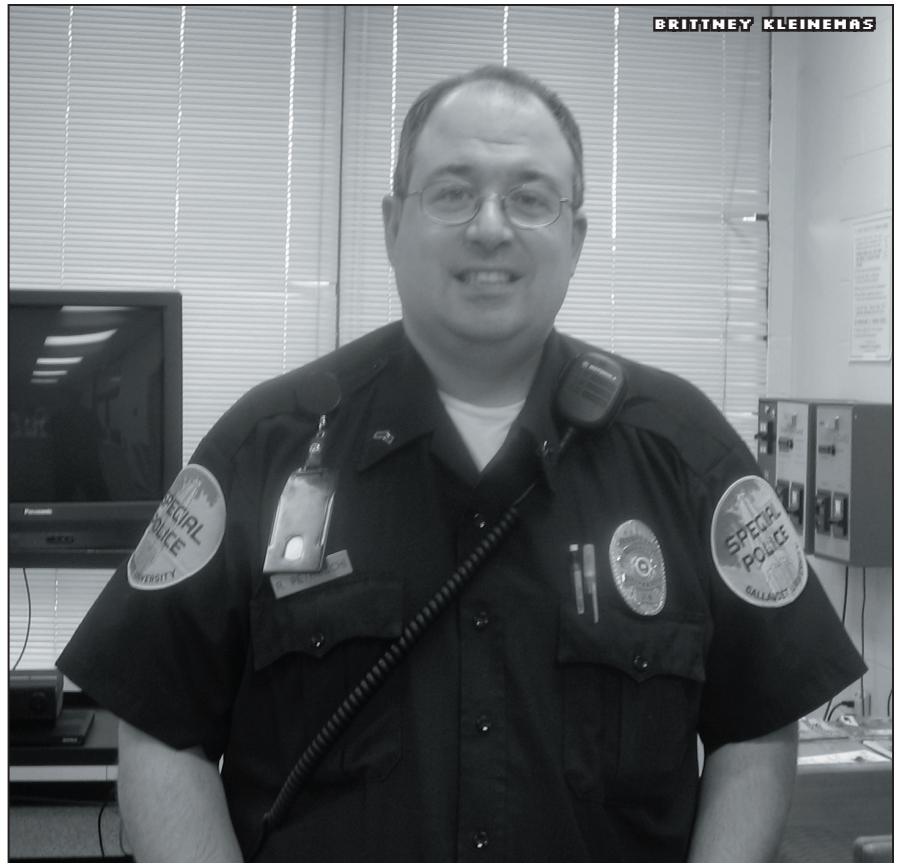
When asked about her most mem-



orable Gallaudet experience, Hui conveyed her admiration for the Delta Epsilon sorority. “The culture here is different from [the] culture in China. Before [it was a] different language, I was very, very shy. In the sorority, I changed a lot, became happier, [and] I learned a lot of new things. Through that experience, I felt an increase in my confidence. I grew up and learned attitude skills, character skills.”

***Tate often fears the worst: that a student might die in their sleep from alcohol poisoning.***

Last, but not least is Captain Ron Tate of the Department of Public Safety here at Gallaudet. Tate has been with Gallaudet University's DPS for 18 years and counting. He is a jovial man whose face is almost always crinkled with laughter that values students' lives like no other. As a divorced father of two, soon to be three, once the adoption of his great-niece is finalized, Captain Ron has a deeper appreciation for students' safety. Naturally, after 18 years' worth of working on campus, Tate has an array of stories. A while back, "... [There was a] kid who had some behavior problems. He was always getting himself into fights and harassing people. When he was starting up some trouble before, he told me



Ronald Petrocchi offers a rare smile for *The Buff and Blue* photographer.

he didn't like me. So we sat down together and I asked him why he didn't like me. He said that it wasn't me, but he didn't like the police too much. I told him that if he'd stay out of trouble, he wouldn't have to worry about police. The next year at his graduation, as he was getting his diploma, he stepped

out of the line and hugged me, thanking me. He said that if it weren't for me, he couldn't have made it that far. After that, I decided that this [Gallaudet] was where I needed to be."

While the job has many rewards, Tate often fears the worst: that a student might die in their sleep from alcohol poisoning. His message to the community is simple: "If you're afraid your friend had too much to drink, tell someone. They might get mad, but you can live with that. What you can't live with is having them die in their sleep, because you didn't tell someone."

Shockingly enough, it is not a remarkable thing for people such as these to be passed by each day without a single thought to the job they're doing, the importance it holds for them, and the fascinating lives that they lead. I pose a challenge to the Gallaudet community: pick a stranger each day, and learn something about them. Sometimes, we are the strangers. Who lives each day aspiring to remain unnoticed? Certainly not you and not I.



Captain Ron Tate is out to find you and your six-pack. No wonder he's grinning.



# THE ECHOES OF THE TWO TOWERS:

## WHAT THE AFTERMATH OF 9/11 WROUGHT FOR GALLAUDET UNIVERSITY

BY EARL MIKELL

It has been four years since the nightmarish events of September 11. The impact that day floored the small yet proud students of the university, leading to exclamations about the world having changed for the worse. Since then, there have been both subtle and visible changes on campus. The most obvious, of course, has been the formalization and advertisement of the emergency response plan. It is, quite simply, a plan no one wants to think about, and yet it is something that everyone keeps in the back of their mind.

The plan is part of the security change, and everywhere we go we see signs pointing out which way to go in case of a terror attack, and we also see signs designating safe areas, as well. There is an electronic alert system that is capable of reaching both pagers and designated e-mail addresses, and it is utilized by key personnel when there are emergencies, including weather and other kinds. Drills are usually held every year, though it is the administration's discretion that determines the frequency and scale of the drills.

The after effects of the murders on campus several years ago also factors into the security situation on campus. There are more cameras than before,

and lights were recently erected over at Hotchkiss Field to enable DPS patrolmen to clearly see the field at night. Dorms and other buildings are also locked after a certain time, and Gallaudet students and staff members have to use their ID to gain access 24/7. Changes like these, instituted after the murders, would also have come after 9/11 if they already hadn't been installed.

The security changes have created the aura of a safer campus. But what about mental changes? After four years, the campus seems to have returned to a sense of normalcy. Not much is spoken about that day. The thoughts, however, remain in the back of everyone's heads. And whenever Al Qaeda makes the news, people talk about it on campus, and wonder whether they should start paying closer attention or not. Then the news fades away into the wilderness, never to be spoken of again.

As for the psychological aspect, there are no quantifiable statistics on students being personally affected by the attacks, due to their right to have such details classified, but it would be accurate to assume some at Gallaudet were directly affected by the attack, much like how every little community and neighborhood were affected that day.

In the category of educational changes,

international students were affected, too. The clampdown on international access to the United States for education began almost immediately, after it was discovered that some of the hijackers had attended some of the schools here in the country. The discovery started in motion a cascading effect, one which still continues to this very day. Reports of longer lines for visas and green cards are almost common, and the cost of moving to the country and paying for a quality education has gone up greatly in recent years. The application process is long and arduous, and applications for a degree in the hard sciences (engineering, physics, etc) are scrutinized more closely than usual. It is a change that won't end soon.

The university has indeed recovered from the unforgettable events of 9/11. It recovered as a different community, though, as the changes above indicate. Everyone is more wary, and they spend a minute looking over their shoulders everyday before moving on with their day. The changes are widely accepted as a fact of life, although it is usually hoped the international students will one day be able to attend the university without the constant reminder of 9/11 hanging over their heads. But the echoes of that day still ring in everyone's head.



The 2004 memorial of the WTC attacks on September 11, 2001 in which two beams of light rose up from Ground Zero.

# IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK: FROM TERRORISM TO DINNERTIME

BY ANDREW FISHER

It seems timely to propose that you are what you see. What you see comes from everywhere, every which way. A Pandora's Box filled with a bulk of information, television is everywhere, asking nothing of you, yet it feeds on you. The boundaries of media are endless; it has redefined the dual concept of content and form.

While we may have gained more sophisticated means of acquiring information around the world through television, our position as mere viewers has become profoundly complicated, if not out of control. As follows, the serious problem is that, in receiving "the news of the day," we have treated

from looking at the original painting of Mona Lisa at the Louvre is completely different from looking at a reproduction in someone's bathroom, although it is the same artwork. What is conspicuously missing in the reproduction is its context, that is, its special presence, its feeling of sacred ambience while looking at it. One does not get that in a bathroom; rather one would have to be in a museum, enclosed by its holy space.

All the same, it occurs too seriously often that information we receive everyday is deprived of its context, its appropriate timing. I would insist, by all means, that it's not from our indifference that we are able to skim through

difference. It is the context in which the words serve as a part of the whole. One does not read a history textbook to recite a prayer, but to learn the times of a religion in a stoic stance. We can't always treat the same passage the same way, when reading by its source: either sacred book or history textbook.

While we may believe that we are responsible for what we know, although we may not have asked for it, it is difficult for us to do something about what we see on television. Because action and thought are so thoroughly interrelated, that when picking up a piece of information in regard to human catharsis that is so remote from one's community, one is likely to expe-

*Our confusion and fear breed from so much information, if not all irrelevant, to such an extent that we are isolated from others, not from the unknown on the contrary.*

serious matters so lightly, and half-true matters so seriously.

NYU Professor of Media Ecology Neil Postman has argued that the problem lies not so much in how the facts over the television are in the danger of being distorted as in how often irrelevant they are, on a larger scale. Television does not set a certain limitation as to how much we need to know in regard to things occurring around the world. Without fail, we have received endless hauls of information, mostly tragic, every single day. Such human tragedy has become commercial; the significance of tragedy in Shakespeare's plays, for example, is far different from ours, just as the Shakespearean significance of tragedy was far different from that of the Greeks. But our significance of tragedy, by way of media, has lost its literary meaning. It has arguably lost its form in literature and philosophy. It is visual, not literary anymore.

Once content loses its original form, to a lesser extent of value, it becomes something else altogether. For example, the initial impression one gets

actual pictures of children suffering from famine from The New York Times while eating cereal for breakfast, unaffected. It is just irrelevant, as in situation. Apropos, the pleasure of food and amicable conversation doesn't mix with the deep contemplation and solicitude.

But sometimes it doesn't matter whether or not it is dinnertime. Junior Drew Robarge said, "Sometimes [news] makes an impact on us wherever we are, regardless of its context, like 9/11. It has made an impact on us all, as to how to deal with it afterwards. When it is something as serious, it doesn't matter if it is to be shared at the right time, or at the right place."

Sometimes it does make an impact, sometimes not. When it does, it is as close as to what is relevant. But for how long? Television yields to unlimited space, trespassing all areas of reserved thought. An important passage in a holy book, for example, has a different meaning when found quoted word for word in a history textbook. It is not the words itself that marks the

frustration and inertia for not being able to do anything about it.

Granted, our knowledge is enormous. But what is not granted is whether it is enormously trivial or not. In one abstract way, it may be seen that all hell of messages in the world has broken loose, over which we have no control. It feeds on us. It is not only sometimes irrelevant, but it's so superabundant, so overwhelming that we have no voice to speak up.

Our confusion and fear breed from so much information, if not all irrelevant, to such an extent that we are isolated from others, not from the unknown on the contrary. Yet on second thought, it is perhaps that we are under the impression that we think we know so much, while in truth we are only looking at a blurred passing train, going hell-for-leather.

It might be the very thing that justifies itself: it is sometimes better to know less, especially when learning many outrageous parts of information at once, and do more.

# FASHION FOR FALL: FABULOUS OR FOLLY?

Want to know what is in and what is not in this year? Curious? You've come to the right place! For the girls, the bohemian look has been hot throughout spring and summer and it is going to carry over into the fall season. The girls should wear long, flowing skirts or gaucha pants. Capris have been worn for years but the latest styles are gauchos. In case you don't know what gauchos are, they are wide cropped pants. They can be seen in denim, knits, and twill. You just gotta love embellished (studs, sequins, and embroidery) jeans because they give you a rock and roll look. Metallic colors are hot this year. Of course, the preppy look is still in. Try shrunken blazers that go along with lace tops or simple tanks. To complete the look, use long beaded necklaces, chunky bracelets, wide headbands, oversized sunglasses, or big earrings.

The lazy, retro preppy style is hot for the guys this fall. Casual layering is what makes guys look hotter. Try a track jacket along with a vintage t-shirt and pair and a pair of destroyed denim with an intentionally worn look. Old-school sneakers look best with the lazy, retro preppy look. Luckily, polo shirts are still in style for back-to-school. Darker colors should be worn in fall such as mustard yellows, midnight blues, and dark browns. Shaggy, longer hair is still in style so is the short look. But choose the cut that looks best on you because the shaggy, longer hair doesn't necessarily have to suit you. As for the accessories, bring your look together by wearing a big wristwatch or some leather bands. Jeep caps and toboggans continue to be popular accessories.

1. MAGNIFICENT! THE BOHEMIAN STYLE IS SO IN THIS YEAR. A TOUCH OF "BOHO" ADDS SPICE TO EVERYTHING. SHE HAS PERFECT ACCESSORIES TO MATCH HER WHOLE OUTFIT.

2. THAT'S HOW A NORMAL COLLEGE GUY SHOULD DRESS. HIS OUTFIT IS VERY COORDINATED.

3. HE OBVIOUSLY KNOWS HOW TO PULL IT OFF LIKE THAT. YOU CAN ALWAYS BE CREATIVE WITH YOUR CLOTHES.

4. OVERALL, HER OUTFIT IS VERY SIMPLE YET BEAUTIFUL. THE FLOWING LONG SKIRTS ARE SO IN THIS YEAR.

5. APPARENTLY, HE DOES WEAR HIS PJAMAS TO SCHOOL! NEVER, NEVER WEAR WHITE SOCKS WITH FLIP-FLOPS IN PUBLIC! PLAINLY HIDEOUS!

6. SHE SHOULD BE PUT INTO JAIL FOR DRESSING LIKE THAT TO SCHOOL!

7. THIS IS DEFINITELY NOT THE BEST WAY TO LOOK SEXY! EVERYTHING HAS GONE SO WRONG: THE HAIR, SHOES, AND GYM CLOTHES.

8. THE SHOES HE IS WEARING ARE SO OUT OF STYLE. THIS IS THE 21ST CENTURY, NOT THE 20TH CENTURY.

BY KAMI PADDEN  
PHOTOS: KAYCE QUARTERMASS



1.



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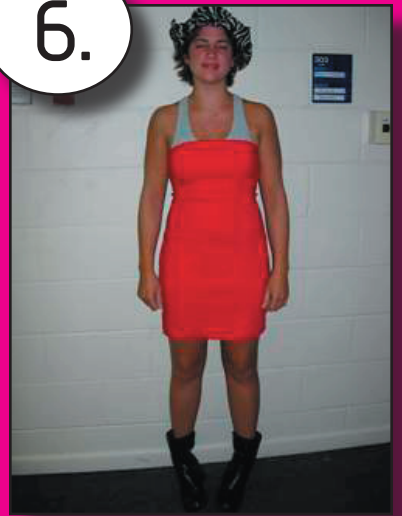
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# FROM ONE ISLAND TO ANOTHER: THE STORY OF HAYDEE GARCIA

BY KIMBERLY ROGERS

"I'm a dreamer, but I'm not the only one," John Lennon once said before most of us were born. Haydee Garcia was a girl in Cuba who dreamt of going to Japan after watching an old samurai movie. Instead, she escaped and came to America first. Stepping foot in Chicago left her in awe. The feeling of freedom overwhelmed her and tears fell down like rain. And, her life finally began.

After several years adjusting to the American way of life, she came to Gallaudet for the biggest event of the summer, Deaf Way II. Haydee had applied for admission into Gallaudet in 1988, but her application was rejected due to the controversy between America and Cuba. Deaf Way II gave her an opportunity to revisit her dream of being a Gallaudet student. She enrolled and is currently a sophomore.

She befriended a fellow Gallaudetian, Yukimo Sakamoto. Haydee was mesmerized by Yukimo's stories about Japan, which made her determined to visit the place that she dreamt



Haydee in full geisha regalia. Geishas are traditional Japanese female entertainers.

ment was to have Haydee teach Deaf Japanese students about Cuban Sign Language (LSC), Spanish Language, Cuban culture, and presenting about her life in Cuba.

Haydee began her summer by tak-

Cuban dance and cooked authentic Cuban food. Her students were so eager about learning her culture and Haydee felt well esteemed. Though she was teaching, she had learned so much about Japan and their culture. She was

*Upon arrival, she could already see the dramatic difference in the country, compared to Cuba and America. Japan welcomed her with open arms.*

of when she was younger. Haydee recognized that she had an opportunity to reach for the stars. It landed into Haydee's hands when Yukimo gave her the Japanese organization, Sign Language Intersection's contact information. Haydee rolled up her sleeves and contacted the organization's president, Ms. Peggy Prosser. They communicated thorough emails about the possibility of having Haydee in Japan. Ms. Prosser and Gallaudet approved of having Haydee in Japan as part of her internship. The internship agree-

ing Biology class for six weeks. The six weeks were long and Japan was waiting for her. Finally, she passed Biology and she packed her bags and got on the plane on a hot summer day in July. The flight was long but she was excited. Upon arrival, she could already see the dramatic difference in the country, compared to Cuba and America. Japan welcomed her with open arms.

She spent the first month teaching the Cuban culture and LSC in Tokyo. Haydee had the opportunity to teach the Japanese students how to do the

taken back by Japan's thoughtfulness and courteousness. She beamed when talking about the culture and their respect for people, and described her experience having dinner with several Japanese friends. After she was done eating, she got up to put away the dishes, and five Japanese people ran to her assistance and took her dishes. She thought to herself, in America, no one would even bother to get up.

One day, Haydee walked to the store and arrived at 9:30 A.M., thinking it would be open. But, it opened at



## *Although Japan has great respect for humans, Deaf people cannot reach the highest level of occupation opportunities.*

10:00 A.M. instead. Haydee decided to stay outside and wait for half an hour. She watched the workers through the window. There was a group of workers surrounding a woman with a clipboard and a man who was obviously a boss. She watched the woman with a clipboard giving instruction of the workers' day. Then, the boss nodded his head and walked away. The group of workers waited until the boss was away, they all returned to their assigned position. The woman with the clipboard walked to the door and turned around. She watched the clock on the wall as it tick-tocked to 10:00 A.M. When it did, she went to the door and greeted Haydee, who spoke highly of Japan's punctuality and their extreme amount of respect for everyone.

Although Japan has great respect for humans, Deaf people cannot reach the highest level of occupation opportunities. They can never be a president of a university nor can they ever be a manager at a store. However, she states that Deaf Japanese people are very optimistic and accepting of their fate. Haydee described her new friends in Japan as affectionate and considerate people. Haydee discovered that she has a dream for her new friends; she dreams that they will have the chance like she did.

After teaching, Haydee spent another month traveling Japan and giving presentations about Cuba. While traveling, she had a chance to go sightseeing and do some custom traditions. She grabbed the chance to put herself into a geisha's shoes. A geisha is a woman who paints her face white and dresses in fancy wraps along with a decorated fan. Geishas entertain people with arts, such as music, dance, and singing. Haydee went to a place that allowed her to be dressed and painted like a geisha, which took an hour and half to complete. Once she was a geisha, she no longer looked like Haydee. After

the photo shoot, she plastered herself with oil to remove the paint. Haydee was astounded with the custom and its demands.

Haydee described the beautiful mountains and water of Japan. She adored the beauty of the country. Nearing the last day, Haydee decided to go to Mt. Fuji, a legendary volcano mountain. She could not see the mountain clearly in the summer due to the haze and clouds covering it. But, she wanted to reach the top and view the insides of a volcano. The hike would be 6.5 km which would take approximately 7 hours to get to the top. Haydee and her friend decided to leave 10 p.m. so they could catch the sunrise when they reach the top. Unfortunately, the hike was forced to end due to terrible winds. Haydee was so disappointed;

she wanted to reach to the top. But, she reached high enough to literally be walking on the clouds. And, she saw the sunrise.

August arrived and it was time for Haydee to fly back to America. They asked her to return next year; she wants to continue to explore other countries. Haydee wept on her flight. She had fallen in love with Japan and hopes to return to live there for at least 5 years after graduation. Haydee pondered her thoughts and wishes that Ms. Prosser, Meri Hirose, Yukimo Sakamoto, Sign Language Intersection, and Gallaudet University could know how grateful she is that they helped her to have this opportunity to see Japan, the opportunity she never would have had if she had stayed in Cuba.



Haydee, on Mount Fuji. Overlooking Tokyo, Mount Fuji is sacred to the Japanese.



# THE TRAVELS OF TROPP: PART II

BY DONALD TROPP

Flying north, I sensed Peru would be even more enriching than Argentina and Chile. After our stay there, my suspicions were confirmed. Peru is a must-see country; its culture, people and history are fascinating. Yassine and I started our journey in Cuzco, considered the archeological capital of South

The city was forgotten during Spain's conquest in the early 1500's and remained "lost" until 1911, when it was rediscovered by Hiram Bingham, a Yale professor. To get there, Yassine and I could either ride the train (four hours one way) or take the Inca trail (four days). We opted for the former and boarded a train for the village closer to Machu Picchu, Aguas Calientes

our unofficial interpreter.

When we arrived, we were herded onto a bus that carried us to our destination. We were part of a group led by an English-speaking guide, who had little patience with Yassine and me, so H, Yassine and I strayed from the others and relied on our Lonely Planet book (my Bible in South America) to lead us instead. H was also helpful,

*Often, I think about South America; right now I'm laughing about the time I sold M&Ms in Copabacana because we didn't have enough cash to pay a check.*

America. Many Inca ruins are found in this city and the surrounding area, the most famous being Machu Picchu. Arguably the continent's most spectacular site, the 100-acre lost Inca city can be found at the top of many a traveler's itinerary. Some even make it the entire purpose of their trip to South America.

(Hot Waters). During the trip, we met an English teacher from Michigan who was in Peru to help disabled children. People called him H, short for "happy," a label his college roommate dubbed him because he was the happiest person he knew who didn't do drugs. He had taken American Sign Language courses, and, just like that, he became

sharing valuable pieces of information with us. For instance, we learned that to maintain social control, the Incas would send offenders to prison, place them in chains and torture them by sending in spiders, snakes or a tiger. The architecture was my favorite part; I admired the perfection displayed by the Incas in constructing their homes,



Don and Yassine straddling the equator in Quito, Ecuador. Neither one of them is sure what season it was at the time.



The 4,000-year-old Otavalo Market, a popular trading post for Ecuadoran Indians.

temples and public buildings. They were built with granite blocks, cut to fit without mortar. After spending the afternoon marveling at the site's beauty and learning more about its rich history, Yassine and I returned to Cuzco where we caught an overnight bus to Puno to visit Lake Titicaca, the world's highest navigable lake.

Situated at 12,500 feet in the Andes, Lake Titicaca straddles the border between Peru to the west and Bolivia to the east and is home to many islands, including the Floating Islands. Out of all the places I visited in South America, I found the Floating Islands the most astounding because of its inhabitants' culture. The inhabitants (known as the Uros Indians) use reeds to build their islands, huts, boats and furniture. There are almost 50 islands, which may hold at least two families and as many as thirty. The Uros Indians' economy relies on fishing, tourism and trading on the mainland. They have a post office and phone booth to make contact with the outside world. They do not wear shoes, and why would they? There is no need for protection from the reeds, and they are used to the cold. Fashion is not in their dictionary; they

only dress to keep warm. The Floating Islands are their world; they live there from the time of their birth until they die. I found their way of life remarkable, but impossible for myself.

Yassine and I left for Copabacana, Bolivia where we made another trip to Lake Titicaca and saw Isla del Sol (Island of the Sun). According to Inca mythology, the birth of the sun took place on Isla del Sol. We spent the afternoon exploring the island, taking in the stunning sights. We returned to our hotel flabbergasted and packed our bags once again for La Paz, the tallest capital in the world at 10,000 feet. La Paz is well-known for shoeshine boys (they are everywhere, but they wear masks out of shame), an ever-changing government (Bolivia has seen more governments than years as a country) and the Witches' Market (if you are lucky, you can witness witchcraft in practice, and, for good luck, you can buy a shriveled llama fetus).

Next on our agenda was Quito, Ecuador, which I found somewhat relaxing after our journey in Peru and Bolivia. Quito consists of two parts: Old Town and New Town. Old Town is home to colonial buildings and beau-

tiful churches, while New Town has modern restaurants, bars and stores. We saw La Mitad del Mundo (the middle of the world) and toured the Equatorial Monument on the Equator Line (0°-0'-0" latitude). Approximately 100 feet high, the Equatorial Monument is a quadrangular pyramid topped off with a metal globe. The concept was mind-boggling: I could stand on the Equator Line. I was in the Northern Hemisphere one minute, the Southern Hemisphere the next.

Last, but not least, Yassine and I shopped at the oldest and most popular Indian market in South America. The market, located in Otavalo, is a 4,000-year-old tradition where Indians meet to trade livestock and share news. We enjoyed the genuine local atmosphere while browsing through countless booths for various items, including textiles, jewelry and pottery. Otavalo was our last adventure together, and by this time, Yassine had become a very good friend of mine. It felt strange knowing we would go our separate ways. I remember seeing her for the first time in Spanish class and thinking to myself, "Who the hell is this annoying loud-mouth?" I never knew we would end up traveling to five countries together.

Yassine returned to Argentina to resume her travels with another friend while I flew back to the US. I was sad to leave South America; I am in awe of the continent and want to return one day to see more. On the other hand, I spent two months away from my family, girlfriend and friends, and I was thrilled to see them again. It felt funny being back in the US after total immersion in a different culture, but it was home.

Now, I check out the travel section whenever I go to a bookstore so I can read about other writers' experiences abroad. I ask more international students about themselves and their countries. Often, I think about South America; right now I'm laughing about the time I sold M&Ms in Copabacana because we didn't have enough cash to pay a check. So when my sister tells me I'm different, I simply nod my head.

Because I agree.



# MAKING THE GRADE:

## HOW MANY OF GALLAUDET'S STUDENT-ATHLETES ARE STUDENTS FIRST?

BY JOSHUA FELDMAN

They slam into their opponents on the football field, sending opponents to the hospital. On the volleyball court they show no mercy, putting the ball away with such speed the ball is a blur. The soccer players can outrun anyone on the field and their ball handling skills never cease to amaze. No, I'm not talking about Warren Sapp or Jeremiah Trotter. Not Kerri Walsh or Misty May. Not Mia Hamm or Freddy Adu either. I'm talking about the athletes that play here at Gallaudet. Yes, the athletes that during the day are students. Hard to believe, I know.

A few years back, Athletic Director James DeStefano, who preaches that student-athletes are students before athletes, decided to create the position of Student Academics Coordinator. DeStefano felt the position, which was filled by Chad Duhon, could help the coaches be better aware of the athletes' performance academic-wise since the coaches were only part-time. Duhon was responsible for making sure the student-athletes were doing well academically.

Fast forward a few years later to the present day, and you'll find the position of Student Academics Coordinator no longer exists. Duhon was let go last year after the department decided to make two coaching positions full-time. DeStefano felt since the coaches were working full-time, they should also be responsible about their players' academics.

DeStefano wanted to "give more power to the coaches," and maintains that it is the responsibility of a full-time coach to make sure his players are doing well. Citing a 2003 survey, DeStefano explained Gallaudet's sister colleges in the Capital Athletic Conference all shared something Gallaudet didn't: a full-time coaching staff. Salisbury had ten full-time coaches. Mary Washington had twelve, St. Mary's ten, and Gallaudet ... zero. Going back to his point about responsibility, DeStefano

emphasizes he still considers academics a priority above all things.

The coaches, in addition to their many other duties, now have to attend meetings twice a month in-season to make sure their players are doing well academically. And even in the off-season, the coaches still have to attend meetings, although only once a month.

In the wake of the absence of Duhon, many questions have been raised. Some question whether the decision was right. Some question whether the academics of student-athletes will suffer or perhaps even get better.

Dr. Lois Bragg, a professor in the English Department here at Gallaudet has this to say: "I think the fact that athletes are better students is due to being better organized, more disciplined, and keeping off the reefer during the semester." Charity Sanders, a perennial athlete, feels that it is tough being a student-athlete because of all the time constraints, as well as "the responsibility of being an athlete, someone who represents the university," no matter where she is or what she does.

Interestingly enough, when asked about Duhon and his absence, both Dr. Bragg and Sanders shrugged their shoulders—Bragg did not know who Duhon was, and Sanders felt that the absence of Duhon would not make a

difference since she maintains good grades. So one has to wonder just how much Duhon's position mattered.

One could say the letting go of Duhon came at the worst time. Last year, Gallaudet was finally ranked sixth in the CAC in regards to student-athletes' GPAs. In Duhon's second year as Student Academics Coordinator, Gallaudet had 21 percent of its student-athletes receive a GPA of 3.0 or better, which placed the university in last place in the conference. His third year, Duhon helped Gallaudet jump from 21 percent to 32 percent, but the University was still in last place. In the 2003-2004 year, again Duhon helped the University, jumping up to 33 percent to no avail, since Gallaudet still found herself in last place. But last year, even after experiencing a dip and going back to 32 percent, Gallaudet suddenly jumped up to sixth place. We finally were not the college with the worst student-athletes. And what did Duhon get for this? He was handed a yellow slip for all his hard work.

Now, as the academic and athletic year begins, one can't help but wonder what will happen. Will the student-athletes be students? Athletes? Can they even be both? What will happen to the collective GPAs of Gallaudet's student athletes?





# IN DEFENSE OF MY SOCCER COMRADES

BY RACHEL ROSE

The sun is bearing unabashedly – no, unapologetically on my brow. I am hot. My knees are wobbling underneath me. I am paranoid that my unsteady gait will be seen and exposed by my opponents. I am tired. I am weak. I am bleeding slightly from the freshly scraped flesh on my kneecap. It occurs to me somewhere before the brink of my exhaustion that I can no longer see because of the sweat dripping in my eyes. It stings. I am dirty. I am undone. I am a Gallaudet University soccer player on the women's team, and I am losing. Badly.

However, I am still standing, and for as long as I can stand, I will be proud to wear this uniform.

As soccer opens, Gallaudet is looking at a record of zero wins and two losses. The games resulted in a disappointing shut out at Christendom (7-0), and a brutal beating from Neumann College

on our home turf (8-0).

The season is still quite young, but after our consecutive defeats, one might ask where I would find the temerity to be proud. I'm not above hurling athletic clichés around, so I'm going to say that these women have a lot of heart. The root of our problem comes down to the fact that the women's soccer team is limited by a number of extenuating circumstances.

Captains Yuliette Gonzales and Katie Romano remain positive. "We feel like we're a team more cohesive and unified this year. We've got a lot of players new to the game on our team—which means we have a lot to learn."

"It's a matter of experience and condition," chimes in Assistant Coach Lena Dunning. "When you're competing against girls who've been playing since they were four, with rosters twenty-five girls deep, while we're working with just sixteen women, that makes a difference. And yes, it's embarrassing

when we see scores like 7-0, but the score isn't all that counts in the end. Positive things come out of soccer ... even if you're not winning."

It's true. Every time I strap on my shin guards, don my cleats, and step onto the uneven soccer field, I realize that I am surrounded by fierce and dedicated women who are just as hungry to win as I am. Take a look at them before you poke fun or roll your eyes, Gallaudet. Take a long hard look at them. Does it appear as though we're napping? Do we look disinterested or bored? I think upon closer examination one would find that in actuality, we're giving all we have to give and then some.

"If Gallaudet could do one thing to support us, it would be to show up and cheer us on at all our games, even the ones we don't gain victories from," says a smiling Gonzales.

So keep rocking those Hoy Field bleachers, Bison fans.



# A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE: PEACE CORPS 101

BY JULIE GUBERMAN

Following 9/11 was an upsurge of American patriotism that overtook the nation in such a short while: people wanting to go to war, angry reactions toward a country that we knew little about, and the need for revenge. I, as a pacifist, didn't like this, and I found myself ashamed to be an American. Little did I know that my life in Kenya would show me something different.

In 2002, my husband, Jesse, and I flew thousands of miles in 22 hours to start our service as Peace Corps Volunteers. I am Deaf and my husband hearing. We worked in the Deaf Education Program in Kenya, East Africa. For two years, we taught at a deaf school in Kilifi, a town on the coast of Kenya. I quickly acquired a working knowledge of Kiswahili, the national spoken language, and became fluent in Kenyan Sign Language (KSL).

I marveled at all I saw. The novelty of being in another country and seeing life from a different perspective was so strong. I was gleeful for weeks, even months.

In Kenya, the mosquitoes are so relentless that one wave of the arm knocks over twenty. Napkins are ripped up in halves and used only when absolutely necessary because they are too expensive. 'You're fat' is given out as a compliment and they do not understand your mzungu dismay. Staying inside your house means you're either sleeping or sick. At every misfortune – even one as slight as tripping over a rock – people



Julie is doing the laundry on the porch of her home on the school compound.

ride, and plastic bags out the door as they cook. Children (one or two but always growing to ten, fifteen, twenty even fifty) trailing you the mzungu with your strange clothes, your big backpack, and your Nalgene water bottle – They call after you, "Jambo! Jambo! How are you? How are you? Give me sweets! Give me gum! Where you going?" 'Nazi' does not call up images of the holocaust – it means 'coco-nut'.

I jumped right into living as the others did. I was a mama just as the other mamas. On Saturday mornings, I got up with the sun (which always rises at 6:30 a.m. and sets at 6:30 p.m. no matter the time of year). Washing clothes takes several hours. I would take out three large plastic basins. The first one

second and third basins were just water. Kenyans do not squat down when doing work near the ground. They bend over, legs straight. If I squatted, I would look really weird to everyone around me. So I tried to conform – I bent over to wash my seven loads of laundry without bending my knees. It hurt. I missed washing machines.

At the market with different stands all with the same fruit and vegetables, I would greet the peddlers – by then familiar faces to me. Immediately they would smile and point at their goods, always vying for our business. "Come here. You know we're the best. Please buy from us today." I missed the anonymity of American grocery stores where I can walk the aisles picking whatever I want without someone dog-

*I found myself ashamed to be an American. Little did I know that my life in Kenya would show me something different.*

offer pole (sorry). People throw candy wrappers on the ground as they walk, milk cartons out the matatu as they

(the same basin we used for bathing) had a handful of detergent activated by shaking my hands in the water. The

ging me and shoving goods in my face charging me more because of my white skin and fancy rust-free bike. But I



would leave with bags full of fresh fruit and vegetables, which I knew I would miss when I returned to the states, and I do. Having to go to the grocery store and get their slightly wilted goods is not very appealing to me after seeing fresh big juicy mangos in hundreds lying on the street side or mamas with

wanted some quiet time. "But are you sick?" Again we told them no and that we Americans liked our privacy sometimes. "But are you sick?" We did not know how to continue.

My job was to share my skills with the Kenyans. In one way, this meant to model what a teacher for the deaf

tape on the poster of "classroom rules" had ballooned up, the adhesive no longer working. In class 5, the poster on singular and plural nouns had faded so much that the writing was no longer visible. The flashcards and pictures I made were dirty from many hands handling them. All of these visual aids

*"Africa just swallows up what people do, nothing works here," is the usual refrain of aid workers, volunteers and locals.*

big bags of chopped green spinach for 10 shillings each.

Washing laundry all day without squatting and walking four kilometers to the market in the blaring hot equatorial sun were much easier to get used to than interacting with the Kenyans. The children were wonderful, fascinated with us, and our willingness to learn their language (most teachers are hearing and do not know KSL). But the adults, raised in a place much different than our native home, were something different. They viewed children as inferior and not worthy of equal respect. This usually means caning, negative verbal comments ("You're stupid!"), and not including them in the adult world. Jesse and I could never really understand the adults. And I'm sure they were as baffled by us. "Why do you stay inside your house? Are you sick?" We told them we just

should be like. I obsessively made visual aids to use in the classroom. Posters, flashcards, memory games. Utterly hopeless at drawing even stick figures, I cut out pictures from the free Newsweek we got each week from Peace Corps, the local newspaper, the magazines I got from other volunteers who had just returned from a trip to America or some other magazine-wielding country. I "laminated" with tape these visual aids to infuse them with long lives so that other teachers could use them and pupils could benefit from them forever and everyone would marvel at how simple it was to make things for the classroom why didn't we do it before? I saw one of my posters; it was about people, with the phrase, "This is a girl," on it, in class four torn to shreds. The wind must have been particularly harsh the night before. It was the rainy season. In class 7, the

were less than one year old. How is it that these things last in America but are rendered useless so quickly here in Africa? "Africa just swallows up what people do, nothing works here," is the usual refrain of aid workers, volunteers and locals. I was about to put away my scissors and forget about it all until Hassan from class 6 asked for more "language on paper. We learn much. You give us good things and we like learning from them."

I expected many things of living two years in Kenya. I expected to leave America, a place I was tired of, where all the sudden flag-waving was getting to me. I despised the consumer culture, fully knowing I was one with my weekly (all right, daily) excursions to Starbucks, Borders, and Target. I knew Americans and I was a bit bored with them. I wanted something different. I wanted to fly away to another country that would wrap me up warmly in a new culture that I absolutely loved, people I could tell stories with in their language that I now knew fluently, a land that was utterly beautiful to me. I told a friend, "I can't wait to discover another place. I know it'll justify my dislike of America." She told me, "It just might end up the opposite. You might grow to like America." Ha, never! I thought then. Ah now I see, Nina was right. I don't love Kenya. I don't hate it either. I view it as an interesting entity that I'm acquainted with. A place that has given me some stories to remember. I do love America now, shocking myself with the delight in the country I had such disdain for. I am an American and so proud of it. I realize now, I always was in my own way.



Julie is teaching mathematics at the Kibarani School for the Deaf in Kilifi, Kenya.



## SAY IT AIN'T SO, KATRINA!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

paid heed to the mayor's warning. The city had already been evacuated several times in the past 3 decades, and so the moral of the "boy who cried wolf" story comes into play here. Residents were getting tired of leaving the city and coming back to a perfectly intact house. That wasn't the case this time around, though.

Jones's family is all accounted for, but one can't say the same for their material possessions, which were lost in the flood. "My first worry was, of course, whether my family was okay. Then I remembered that I had hastily packed for Gallaudet and left with only two bags of clothes. I had planned on returning to gather my things, but now I can't. All my pictures, childhood memories, and other possessions are gone," Jones remarked. This is the story for most New Orleans residents who lived near Lake Pontchartrain, which was the lowest-lying part of the city.

Jenee Alleman, a junior from Abbeville, Louisiana, a town 20 minutes away from Lafayette in the western part of the state, had already made plans to attend next year's Mardi Gras festival in New Orleans. Much to her disappointment, and to her bank account since she already made hotel reservations, it will take authorities three to four months to drain all the

water from the city, then they have to rebuild destroyed buildings. The French Quarter and Bourbon Street were spared from the worst, experiencing only ankle-deep water while other parts of the city were submerged under 12 feet of water.

The city of celebration is now recovering from the destruction, and rumors are flying around about people assumed dead. An e-mail written by a person with too much time on their hands was forwarded like fire around the deaf world. The e-mail stated that seventeen known deaf people from Louisiana were found dead. Later found to be a hoax, the e-mail drew many tears from friends. Donation scams are now appearing, as well. Several of the scams are pretending to be collecting money for the relief effort, but in reality are using it for personal gain. This goes to show that with every tragedy, the true face of humanity is revealed.

The question remains, though. Will humanity regain its strength and pull together like Americans did in the days after September 11? The mask of charade was ripped off and uncovered for all to see. Efforts made by the government were moot, as anarchy showed its ugly face. The worst natural disaster in the history of the United States, Hurricane Katrina shall forever be the moment we remember as the day unity fell through the hands of our poor.

## THE WRATH OF KATRINA

SEMI TRUCKLOADS DISPATCHED TO DATE CARRYING DISASTER RELIEF FOOD AND GROCERY PRODUCTS:

**794 TRUCKLOADS**

POUNDS OF FOOD AND GROCERY BEING DELIVERED TO DATE:

**26.1 MILLION POUNDS**

ESTIMATED NUMBER OF MEALS AVAILABLE TO DATE:

**20.4 MILLION MEALS**

ESTIMATED VALUE OF FOOD AND GROCERY PRODUCT TO DATE:

**\$38.9 MILLION**

KATRINA SURVIVORS IN RED CROSS SHELTERS:

**2.1 MILLION**

SHELTERS BEING PROVIDED BY THE RED CROSS:

**896**

FUNDS RECEIVED THROUGH GIFTS AND PLEDGES TO THE RED CROSS:

**\$668.7 MILLION**

ONLINE DONATIONS TO THE RED CROSS:

**\$325 MILLION**

APPROXIMATE NUMBER OF PEOPLE DISPLACED:

**1,000,000**

DEATH TOLL:

**450+**



# A TELEVISION PHANTASY

BY SARA STALLARD

At a well-catered reception, held in the lobby of the Washburn Arts Center at 7 pm on Thursday, September 8, the Art Department made an exciting announcement about the future of our media access here on campus. Starting on October 1, we will have two new deaf-friendly channels on campus.

As many of you may know, we have a TV channel (number 21) which features *Bison TV* and *SBG News*, produced by students, for students. Now there are two more new channels. One will show musical videos, like you see on *MTV*; only all of the selections will be closed captioned. The other channel will be a showcase of TV episodes and films where Deaf characters have appeared. There will also be showings of

Included in the program line-up for October 1st is a showing of *SHOW-TIME*'s new drama, *Weeds*, which features Deaf actress Shoshannah Stern, and the first episode of *Sue Thomas: FB Eye*, as well as a premiere showing of the first film (about Southern Deaf society in the 1930s) to be preserved from the Fletcher estate. The programming will be aired as a 12 hour loop running 14 times a week.

Regarding this new addition to our campus community, Chairperson Johnston Grindstaff shared his sentiments with the audience. "I am very proud to announce that we have succeeded in obtaining funds to establish more programming dedicated to the Deaf Community. Our Program Specialist will be Darian Burwell, who has extensive experience in outreach and network-



was very positive. Returning student Tanya Perry shared her insights, "I have a deaf daughter who is almost 5 months old. She is already very atten-

*One will show musical videos, like you see on MTV; only all of the selections will be closed captioned. Now there are two more new channels. One will show musical videos, like you see on MTV; only all of the selections will be closed captioned. The other channel will be a showcase of TV episodes and films where Deaf characters have appeared.*

historical films, such as the NAD films from the silent era, as well as Krauel's documentaries and ASL poetry by Ben Bahan, Debbie Rennie, Ella Mae Lentz, Clayton Valli, and Peter Cook. Past student productions such as the series *Florida Avenue*, and the movies *Raving for One*, and *Blue Apple* will continue to run on Channel 21, sandwiching in with *Bison TV* and *SBG News*.

Channel 20, which has since served as the outlet for University programming (such as I. King Jordan's retirement press conference), will become the musical video channel, except on days that the University needs to use the channel for their important announcements and presentations. Channel 19, which currently serves as the MSSD message wheel, will be split into two – one for MSSD, and the other which will become the TV/Film showcase for the rest of Kendall Green.

ing, such as working with Academic Bowl and Public Relations. Her job will be to coordinate and collect videos and films from different companies out there," said Chairperson Grindstaff.

Grindstaff continued, "This is a very exciting addition to Gallaudet University, for three important reasons. First, as Deaf people, our media experience will expand. Second, this will help retain student interest and enthusiasm in the campus community through common awareness of Deaf on TV. Lastly, the Art Department is thrilled to have this opportunity to involve our Digital Media students in the process of TV programming—for example, our TFP 381 course, which focuses on film analysis and criticism, will work with the Program Specialist to educate our campus community about the significance of our deaf-related video collection."

Student response at the reception

tive to signing and I am thrilled that she will be able to watch TV with lots of sign language exposure while I continue my studies here. Plus, I love music, and I'm gonna tape every video they show!" Digital Media major Michael Nesmith also enthused over this new addition. "About time! I always have wanted to be able to watch everything in Gallaudet's collection at the Library and Archives. Even better, I can watch it in my own room now instead of at the library, like, of course you know, the Library is closed late at night. What's more, now my classmates will all be eager to learn how to make better movies and TV programs than what we will watch. I hope I can become one of the student assistants next year, to work with the Program Specialist, and help choose different things for those new channels. Wow."

[Oh well, if only this were true..]



# RULES: WHAT ARE THEY GOOD FOR?

BY TREVOR BRENNAN

Gallaudet is a high-tech school, but some of the rules in effect are either pointless or past their prime. This causes much frustration to students, staff, and faculty. Without further ado, let's begin listing the most pressing of annoyances.

During the summer months, students who live off-campus are not allowed to wash their clothes in the dorms. The only reason offered was that "[the machines] are for the dorm residents, and they have complained over how all the washers and dryers are

your ID, the RAs on duty will not let you into the dorm, even if it's pouring rain or freezing cold outside. After 2 am, IDs stop working altogether in any dorms except your own. This has resulted in more than a few boyfriends and girlfriends standing outside the dorms during the wee hours, waiting patiently for someone to open the door. Gallaudet's ID system was implemented to provide security for residents, but think about it: If someone is determined to get into the dorms and cause harm, if they stand outside long enough ... they WILL get in.

Besides, isn't this why we have locks

not have a green sticker on their ID, but showed up to class anyways, they would have to leave the class to get the green sticker. This policy directly contradicts the previous policy of not missing classes to complete business registration. Gallaudet tried to justify this by saying that people who had early morning classes could go to business registration on Sunday, August 28th.

However, many people with early classes were away at various retreats, and others simply had not arrived yet. Who did Gallaudet help by kicking students out of class to get a green sticker? If it was so important for students to

*Gallaudet says its first priority is education, but yet they kick their students out of class?*

taken." However, a casual walk to any laundry room shows it to be as empty as a ghost town out West. "If I'm paying Gallaudet thousands of dollars for an education, and then giving them even more money through their overpriced laundry services, what the heck are they complaining about?" says former student Bryan Stanfield.

The use of IDs to access the dorms is another perfect example of the hoops some of the rules at Gallaudet make you jump through. If you forget

and peepholes on our doors? Speaking of IDs, this year, some RAs are refusing to accept driver's licenses for borrowing dollies and the like. The question that begs to be asked is how are we supposed to get back into the dorms? Thankfully, the post office is smart enough to realize this, and still accepts licenses. Let's hope it stays that way ...

Next on the list: those damn registration stickers. On the first day of class this year, students were told by the administration that if they did

receive these stickers on the very first day of class, then they should have been given when students checked into the dorms, or even better, as they came through the front gate of Gallaudet. Gallaudet says its first priority is education, but yet they kick their students out of class? Yet another contradiction for students to digest.

Senior Zach Rietz feels frustrated with the guest policy at Gallaudet. This policy states that overnight visitors may stay a maximum of three nights in a row. After that, guests must leave campus for one night and then they can return for three more days in a row. "If my roommate and I both agree that my friends can stay for more than three days, why MUST they leave? They aren't bothering anyone. I can understand if it's finals week, but the rest of the semester?" Zach shrugs. Granted, we don't want people taking up residence in perpetuity that aren't paying for the rooms, but common sense has got to come into play somewhere.

The bottom line is Gallaudet needs to join the 21st century. Do not add to the stress levels of students who are already burdened with homework and high tuition costs. Save everyone some time and effort, and get rid of the medieval policies on campus.



ERICA PARKER

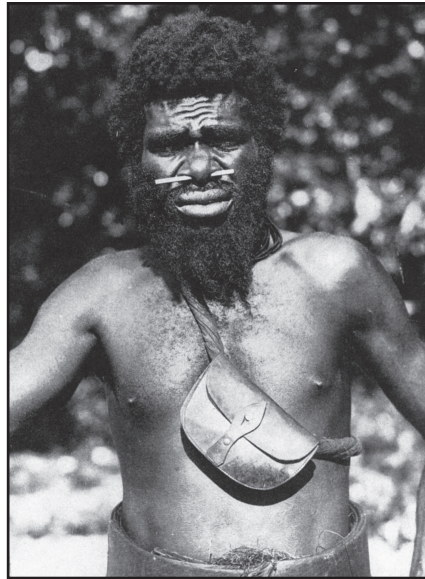


# FRESHMAN GOURMAND: A SOLUTION TO OVERPOPULATION

BY JONATHAN CETRANO

First off, please let me state that I think it is amazing that this fall we have 350 or so freshmen/transfer students here at Gallaudet University. It is great for the University, but with any rapid expansion comes growing pains. For example, in the Marketplace, where I often go for lunch, seating which was once plentiful is now scarce. I have to battle droves of youngsters for the chance to grab a lunch between classes. The once free-flowing hallways of the SAC and HMB have become congested cholesterol-ridden arteries. It is enough to make me wish I could pull a Moses and part the sea of College ID-on-a-lanyard-wearing peoples so that I can get to my French class on time.

I was talking with another classmate about this problem and he suggested that I turn to Jonathan Swift's essay "A Modest Proposal" for the solution to my problems. In his essay he facetiously suggests that the people of



The author in a previous life.  
Amen, reincarnation!

tantly, so that my fellow upperclassmen and I may thin out the ranks of the class of '09 so that we may reduce overcrowding, thus allowing upper-

type of freshman is best for grilling on the BBQ with A-1 Sauce, easy to make and sure to be the centerpiece of any picnic.

• Soccer Players – Because of all the running, their legs make great tenderloins, nice and lean. For your next candlelit dinner with your sweetie, be sure to cook this. For freshman tenderloin I like to broil it in the oven and I use red wine to baste, it brings out the youthful flavor, garnish with a sprig of fresh basil and your honey is sure to fall even harder for you.

• Volleyball Players – This group of freshmen makes an excellent rump roast, the meat is firm, yet supple. Toss it in the oven and use a can of Bass Ale to baste, for you penny pinchers out there, substitute Yuengling.

• Computer Nerds/Geeks – Their perpetual isolation in their dorm

*I tried one of the recipes out on a freshman that no one would miss and I have to say that I am surprised at how good freshmen taste. I mean, it's the other red meat that everyone is missing out on.*

England should eat babies to relieve the problem of overcrowding; he also included suggestions for cooking. As I read his essay, it was like the solution had been handed to me on a silver platter. I tried one of the recipes out on a freshman that no one would miss and I have to say that I am surprised at how good freshmen taste. I mean, it's the other red meat that everyone is missing out on.

I decided to write about this for two reasons. Firstly, so that my fellow upperclassmen may eat well (we all know that cafeteria food gets dull after a while). Secondly, but more impor-

classmen to get a seat in the Marketplace, get to their classes on time, and reduce the tension caused by "those freshmen" at house parties.

To make it easy for the aspiring gourmand as well as the casual chef, I have classified my recipes by grouping freshmen according to their "choice cuts." Now, without further ado, my recipes for "Freshmen Fixins."

• Football Players – The meat lover's favorite. Thick and hearty cuts of meat, beware of some marbling (fat) particularly with those freshmen that are offensive and defensive linemen. This

rooms and constant diet of Domino's pizza makes their meat comparable to veal. The meat from these freshmen is tender and well suited for a light white wine sauce with a sprinkling of rosemary and thyme.

To my fellow upperclassmen, I hope this short list enhances your dining experience and helps the problem of overcrowding on our beautiful campus. A word to the wise, be sure to get your freshman before winter break while they are still lean and have yet to gain the "freshman fifteen."

# GALLAUDET IS A SAFE PLACE!

BY ALEHANDER ABENCHUCHAN

Gallaudet is a pretty safe place. The DPS kiosk can be very, very intimidating, and the physical shape that most of our DPS officers are in will give a clear message to all the hoodlums off-campus that they shouldn't do anything criminal on campus.

In light of this overwhelming militaristic force on campus, Gallaudet indeed can be a dangerous place. I'm going to explain why, but don't worry, there aren't any hurricanes or terrorist missiles in the list. The list is in order from least dangerous to the most dangerous, so be sure to brace yourself and let yourself be armed with this knowledge, that the dangerous areas are not always Hess Gas Station or on H Street.

## HALLOWEEN

The "Insane Asylum" or the guided scary tour in the basement of Benson Hall is so terrifying that it almost scared several students to death last year. The many strobe lights damaged a few rods in students' eyes, and there were flying knives or fake weapons in a pitch-black setting. It was also dangerous, making students pretty poor by charging them five dollars for the tour. There were also riots in Georgetown two years ago so it's a very scary, scary time.

## PARTYING AT THE RECEIVING DOCK (RD)

I walked by the receiving dock a few nights ago and it smelled like a landfill. Hopefully there'll be tons of Febreze sprayed in the RD before the next big event there, or everybody'll be doing the I-swim-underwater-when-holding-my-nose dance move all night. At one of the parties last year, one guy drunkenly ran down the steep hill between the entrance to the RD and Ballard North, fell, and rammed his head on the brick wall. He ended up having raccoon eyes for weeks. Another guy, after a different party at RD, ran up-

stairs so fast he fell and broke his middle finger and cut a deep gash above his eyebrow. Pretty dangerous to go in and exit the party, so be sure to walk on the pavement and avoid any steep hills or stairs. Bring clothesline clips as well, if you feel like booty dancing instead.

## HOUSE PARTIES

This is what Gallaudet is famous for in the underworld, the world away from academia and organizations and paraprofessionalism. A simple backyard keg party might turn bad if a firecracker explodes directly into a person's shins. It could get ugly if there's a tarp covering the party and somebody thinks it's cool to push the tarp, making the water spill over, soaking people. This could be dangerous in cold conditions, as exposure might lead to bronchitis or pneumonia. There are also stairs into each house, and one drunken step might lead the person to topple down the stairs and break a bone here and there.

## SKATING AT SNOWBALL

Snowball is a popular event where Gallaudet students flock to a single ice rink and everybody but the Canadians fall. It is a cute Christmas-y event, but in the previous sentence I mentioned the fact that there would be an ice rink filled with Gallaudet students, and that means the majority of them will be not too thirsty and a little too happy. The result of this can be pretty harsh, as falling down on the ice might not feel too painful, but wait till you have to crawl up the stairs to eat at the cafeteria the morning after. There also have been people who fell down face-first in the ice, prompting their nasal passages to well up with unclotted blood. Last year, one car got into a wreck after Snowball, as well, so there should be an ambulance on stand-by for this year's event. Oh, and maybe a liability waiver.

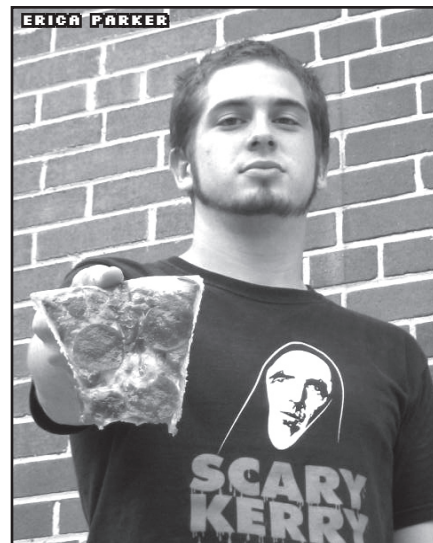
## HOMECOMING BALL

This "best event in the fall semester

of Gallaudet" is pretty cool. Rarely do you ever see a club packed with deaf people. The majority of the students this night, however, are licked, bladdered, and rat-arsed drunk. And beneath the dishy girls and the manly men on the dance floor, on the actual dance floor there lays an array of broken glass cups and slippery vomit. There were a few fights in the limo buses and taxis, and a huge majority of the students woke up the morning after either not recalling what happened or experiencing Post-Homecoming Depression.

Well, there are many more dangerous possibilities lurking around Gallaudet's park-like setting and in its peaceful, iron-wrought fencing. But, only a careful reader can notice that the majority of the dangerous things in Gallaudet are only because of intoxication. And the ironic thing about this is that if anybody had too much to drink, that person probably wouldn't remember what happened, thus leading to another alcohol-induced night. And more dangerous things happen.

Stay safe, Gallaudet students, don't make a fool out of yourself and drain your wallets with the hospital bill. Don't prove the Federal law that drinking under 21 years of age is not responsible, and most of all, DPS can't always be there to break our falls.



# AUGUST DREAMS, SEPTEMBER NIGHTMARES:

## ON THE POWER OF DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES IN THE POST 9/11 WORLD

BY EARL MIKELL

We all came to Kendall Green with dreams. Dreams of love, glory, fun, family and success: that's what we all dreamed about. We came in as bright-eyed freshmen in August, desirous for a great start in September to mark the beginning of our collective journey to achieve our dreams. We were supremely confident our dreams would navigate the crucible of life with nary a scratch. And then it happened.

There are two kinds of dreams in America: the individual dream and the American dream. Individuals dream of small things and big things, and achieve them with great ease or hard labor. There are more success stories than there are failures, and we celebrate them often. We prize our own dreams greatly, and invest everything in them. And we defend them passionately.

The American dream, on a greater scale than our own dreams, is basically the story of many individuals gathering to create a dream unlike any other, and using that dream to inspire their own individual dreams. That dream is a grand dream of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and it has been achieved many times over. It has en-

nists. And all their dreams amounted to a murderous dream of heaven on Earth.

Our dreams withstood their onslaught for a century, and when we emerged victorious from the long twilight struggle that marked the Cold War, we thought it was the end of history. We thought it was the end of our nightmares. We began to dream of greater things, of a world united in peace, the old ways of hatred and evil finally fading away into the mists of history.

Then it happened, on one bright Tuesday morning in September. After living through an August of dreams, we awoke from our peaceful slumber to see a live nightmare on our television sets: that of planes crashing into buildings and blood being spilled. We began to contemplate a September of nightmares, as we watched the two towers fall, and wondered if this would be what we would wake up to everyday. We wondered, as we cried and raged, about the survival and success of our dreams and the American dream.

Everywhere we went, in the terrible aftermath of that Tuesday, we saw newspapers and television shows blar-



Osama bin Laden tried to convince us that his nightmares were indeed stronger than our dreams. In a moment of vulnerability, we did consider the death of our dreams. And then, starting in October, we stood up and said no. We totally and passionately rejected his world of nightmares, and boldly began fighting to defend our dreams with our sweat, blood, and tears. The American dream had endured many a nightmare in the past century; bin Laden's nightmare was just another one.

*There are more success stories than there are failures, and we celebrate them often. We prize our own dreams greatly, and invest everything in them. And we defend them passionately.*

dured war and hatred, and it has been both celebrated and vilified because of what it represents: the best of humanity.

So where there are dreams, there are also nightmares. The American dream has been criticized many times in the past century, and others have presented what they thought was a better dream. What they instead presented were nightmares. There were the Nazis, the socialists, the fascists, and the commu-

ing warnings about nuclear attacks and infectious diseases, and panic-stricken second guessers saying that all our dreams were for naught and that we'd best do something else instead. They proposed that we try to negotiate with the murderous and mysterious men from the shadowy corners of the world, who didn't actually have grievances but harbored a murderous dream for an Islamic world in which everyone is either devoted to their religion for dead.

Four years later, we are still dreaming. We came to Kendall Green with dreams in our head, and then we were shown a world of nightmares, and threatened to accept it. But we instead, like our forefathers, dared to dream once again, and we, all of us, showed the world that it is okay to bravely dream in the face of evil. Our August dreams never died during the September of nightmares; it endured. And it'll always endure.



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